Mr. Barnes, American

A SEQUEL TO "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK."

BY ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER,
Author of "Mr. Potter of Texas," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCUMENT IN BARNES' POCKETBOOK.

"You have read this?" Barnes is speaking while he is deciphering as well as he can the mutilated note.

"How could I—in the carriage with you and after that under mama's awful eyes?"

"Where's the fourth—the other piece?" asked Burton, savagely.

"I—I couldn't get the other—the people were stamping about so," stammers Maud. "She was tearing it up when she keeled over."

"Did Marina say anything?"

"Yes, she sorter gasped: 'Don't tell him!' Then Edwin grabbed her. But what's in it?" asks, Maud, as Barnes strives again to gain the full meaning of the three-quarter epistle.

"Nothing that would interest a little girl."

"But it would interest ma. Let me tell ma. Then she'll let up on me."

"Not a word to anyone!" says Burton, sternly.

"Two more boxes of marrons glaces."

"Here, buy them!" The American passed to Maud's eagerly outstretched hand a couple of twenty-franc gold pieces. "But—" Barnes' demeanor has become terrifying, "if you blab of this to Edwin Anstruther, I'll tell your mother that you kept this note from her."

"Great Jones!" mutters Maud, shivering. Then she implores: "But if I keep dark, you'll beg me off for running away with you?"

"Yes, avoid your mother's eyes for two hours and I'll probably put something in Lady Chartris' head that will make her so happy she'll think you the nicest little chick out of its shell!"

The American courteously leads the Chartris infant to her hotel, but even as he bids the child adieu at the door, the clerk coming out, says: "Monsieur Barnes, a note for you at the office."

Burton has been compelled to register himself and party. He steps in, and tearing open an envelope addressed in an unknown hand, reads what, stableminded as he is, gives him a shock. Though for a second his blood runs rapidly in his veins, he checks it and becomes full of that icy, deadly, calm rage which comes to men of the Anglo-Saxon race when their women are assailed.

"This compels me to tell Edwin. I must post him a little bit," he thinks rapidly, and acting with equal promptness, steps into the cafe. Not finding Anstruther there, Barnes walks up the stairs.

At the door of his wife's chamber, the English naval officer is pacing the corridor.

"Marina is much better. She has recovered her senses," says Edwin, elatedly. "But Enid believes it best for me not to see her immediately, and the French physician declares it is madness at present to think of the fatigue of a long railway journey for my wife." The young husband lingers lovingly on the term.

"I had feared that," remarks Barnes. "The important thing is now to guard her."

"Guard her?"

"Yes. It is now imperative that I tell you, Anstruther, something I would have kept from you."

Two minutes' hurried conversation and the English sailor says in quarter-deck directness: "I understand. No one goes into that door except the doctor and Enid. If anyone prowls around here—lend me your revolver, Barnes. You always carry one."

"Yes, and you must from now on do the same," answers the American as he passes the weapon to the Englishman. He steps to his own room, and gets another pistol from his valise. Testing it carefully as regards cylinder and lock, the celebrated pistol-shot mutters grimly: "If I have to shoot, it will be to kill. Now, this makes it necessary to see Elijah Emory at once. Lucky I cabled him."

Making his way hurriedly to the busy Cours Belzunce, Barnes steps into the Hotel des Deux-Mondes, a well known house of commercial entertainment. A moment's inquiry of the polite clerk and he steps into the correspondence room of the hotel. After looking about a moment, he places his hand on the shoulder of a man engaged in writing.

"I saw you come in the door, Barnes!" says the man, continuing his labor. "Glad to behold you. Your wire from Ajaccio came last night. I've got all the information for you. I missed you at the gare, and reckoned you'd gone on to Paris. Here's what you wanted, finished." He passes him the paper.

"Thank you'" Barnes looks it over carefully. "By your report here, you seem to know everything about this country."

"Well, everything a foreigner can. I've represented the Pinkertons in southern France nigh on to eight years."

"Yes, you did some very nice work last season for my sister, Lady Morington, about those stolen jewels at Nice. That reminded me of you. But I've got something for you to capture more important than stolen jewels."

"What's that?" sharply asks the American detective, who has become a European one.

"Stolen happiness."

"Holy Moses, if I could gather all that up and restore it to people, I could retire from biz," laughs Mr. Elijah Reuben Emory, who is a man of about 38 years, of piercing gray eyes, and off-hand, slap-dash manner which was once extremely American, but has gradually been changed by a continental life to a bad imitation of that of a denizen of southern Europe.

Barnes glances carefully about the room—which is deserted—the day having, as is quite usual at this season in Marseilles, grown intensely hot and uncomfortable.

"There's no living thing here except flies," remarks Emory. "I took care of that before I began to write my confidential report for you. I'll keep my eye on the door, so you can spurt it out freely."

"Have you ever been over in Corsica?" whispers his client.

"Never!" says the detective. "And I don't hanker after going there. If a Corsican commits a crime and gets to his blessed island, he can stay there—for me. To arrest him the gendarmes might have to kill his whole tribe; they hang together like a flock of wild hogs."

"Yes, too much. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do for me, Emory. I want you to act as a buffer."

"A buffer agin what?"

"Against the intangible. I haven't settled exactly against whom, but listen to my story. It won't take over half an hour. Then you'll know how to act."

Rapidly, but under his breath, Barnes tells the American detective of the extraordinary, uncalled for and mistaken Corsican blood feud that he fears instead of having been satisfied two nights before by the death of two men, has been increased and extended.

During the first of his story, Emory beams upon him with the genial smile of a man expecting ducats. During the latter part of it, his face grows worried, several times he nervously wipes the perspiration from his brow, and squirms all over his seat uneasily. At the close he shudders: "Gee whiz, you want me to put my finger in a regular Corsican vendetta? Not on yer blooming life! Not for all the rhino in Baring Brothers'. I tackled a West Virginia feud once and, by the mercy of God, came out alive; but from this dark age Corsican article, which goes into fourth and fifth cousins—excuse me! I've heard of a fellow who barricaded himself in a house for twenty years, and when he thought every blarsted being but himself in the vendetta was coffined, came out to take a sun-bath, and—died in ten seconds. A foster-cousin, or something of that kind he had clean forgotten, was laying for him. Besides, women sometimes take a hand in these affairs and play the very devil."

"Yes, it's because one unfortunate lady is already in this affair and another may be drawn into it I speak to you," implores Barnes. "I know money won't tempt you, Emory, but a countrywoman, or rather one who will be a countrywoman—"

"Oh, you mean the future Mrs. Barnes of New York. Well, for her sake, hang me if I don't go you!" The Yankee detective extends his hand. "But it ain't the money, though, of course, that'll be liberal."

"Thank you!" Barnes gives Emory a grateful grip, adding, earnestly: "Now, let's look over this affair."

But the detective interrupts: "Why don't you get a move on and fly from the sanky, cussed thing? As soon as ye're married, take yer wife under yer arm and slope to America. Anstruther can sneak his bride to England, and—"

"That won't end it," answers Burton. "There's money enough in the pockets of one or two of these people to carry the feud to the ends of the earth. A few moments ago I told you about Edwin's bride following the man she thought had killed her brother to Egypt. Now, when I walk down Broadway on a pleasant evening from the theatre, I'm not going to be looking over my shoulder for a dagger in my back. I don't think Anstruther would be content to live with sudden death hanging over him and his wife among the green lanes of England. There's only one way to settle this affair."

"How's that?"

"Squelch it!" says Barnes, savagely, "by killing those who would murder me and my kin."

"Gee whiz, the French government?"

"The French government won't prevent my defending myself. In Corsica itself France has practically never interfered in vendettas. Even bandits in general have been too much for the local gendarmes—there are two or three wandering around Monte del Oro, near Bocognano, now. Here are the documents, and now we'll meet this matter personally and practically. As I wired, you have obtained as far as you can, a list of all the relatives of Musso Danella." Barnes looks over the paper Emory has given him and observes: "All, except Corregio Cipriano Danella, Musso's half brother, are practically French."

"Yes, that I reckon puts them out of this biz," says Emory. "Except there's a cousin—a kind of knock-about fellow, Enrico, who's Corsican also—I didn't get him till the last. You'll find his name at the bottom of the page."

"Where is he?" asks Barnes.

"Oh, Enrico's bumming about the Riviera some place, I reckon. They say he's always near a gaming table when he's got any money in his pocket. When he hasn't, Enrico don't care what he does to get more," answers the detective.

"But, from your report, Corregio, the brother, is now in Marseilles. We'll take this Corregio first. He has a country estate near Serra in the island and spends the balance of his time chiefly in southern France; is intensely Corsican," returns Barnes. Taking from his pocketbook the fragments of the note Maud had given him—the one that had produced Marina's nervous stroke—he places them before the detective, and asks: "Is this Corregio Danella's handwriting?"

"I can't tell, but I'll find out for you," answers Elijah, then his eyes begin to roll, as he mutters: "Whew! judging from the part of it I can read, that's a nasty document."

"Yes, though I don't think we've got the worst of it, it is as crafty as it is cruel. It was given to the bride not entirely recovered from the agitation of that horrible wedding night to so shock her delicate and already overtaxed nerves that we cannot move away from here. Some devil in Marseilles is trying to hold up here till these bloodhounds arrive from Corsica and have time to act. Here's another note in the same handwriting that puts me in," remarks Burton, moodily. "I received it at my hotel half an hour ago. It's the Corsican custom to give a delicate hint to the doomed." He reads:

"'Have a care of yourself! This is thy warning. Remember death is on you and your spouse and your offspring, born and unborn.'"

"Pleasant reading for a man with his wedding day just ahead of him," snarls the New Yorker. "That's what makes me as vindictive as they are."

"Do you think with this in your hand," whispers Emory, impressively, "you should have a wedding day? I've heard such monstrous reports of their infernal jambories of blood from Perrier, the French detective, who went over there once—"

"Not until this is finished," interjects Burton, with a moan of disappointment.

The detective's comment makes even Barnes' regular pulse beat slower.

"Well, what are your plans to meet this?" asks the American criminologist.

"My plans are very simple," says Barnes, tersely. "I'm going to get our women in a safe place and then—then the hunted becomes the hunter!"

"Great tarantulas!" mutters Elijah, admiringly. "But how are ye to get the women safe? Someone may be potting 'em while you're rounding up the others! How are ye going to fix that?"

The American's plan, as he whispers it to Emory, is so adroit, that the detective emits a triumphant whistle and says: "Gee whiz, just the idea!"

"Everything must be ready for tonight," directs Barnes. "No other Corsican steamer than the one on which we arrived will come today. By tomorrow I hope to have the ladies reasonably beyond pursuit."

"All right. I think I can fix it for you."

"Meantime," says Barnes, "see if you can find what cables bearing on this matter have been received from Ajaccio and to whom addressed. For the note to Marina and my devilish warning show that someone has heard of the bridal night tragedy from Corsica."

"That will be difficult!"

"Not if you give the telegraph clerks enough money."

"Yes, most anything can be done the way you spend money, Mr. Barnes." This last issues from Emory's smiling lips as the American is writing a check. "I'll report progress to you not later than 1 p. m.; that'll give you time for your arrangements."

Coming from this to the Grand hotel, Barnes shortly strolls into Lady Chartris' parlor and has an interview with that matron which places her in the seventh heaven of delight.

"You think of going to Nice?" he suggests; he would have proposed some little Italian watering place, but knows that the widow will only consider the spot where Von Bulow, the young German diplomatist, is located.

"Yes, I've concluded to remain there a few weeks until the season absolutely ends," responds Lady Chartris, "only the good hotels are so cruelly expensive."

"Well, there are some lovely and retired villas on the little Bay of Villefranche, a twenty minutes' carriage drive from the Promenade des Anglais. Supposing you engage one?"

"Do you think I'm a Croesus!" screams the widow, in horror. "Do you want to ruin me? Do you suppose I have your pocketbook, Mr. Barnes of New York?"

"That's exactly what I want you to suppose, my dear Lady Chartris. I'll pay for the villa; you occupy it. In about a week from now, Mrs. Anstruther and probably Enid will be your guests; perhaps Edwin and I also for a little while. But you are to say nothing about that. You'll keep Tompson, Enid's maid, and take her on with you. The villa is to be rented by you and entirely in your name."

"And you pay the running expenses?"

"With pleasure."

"Don't leave here earlier than the day after tomorrow. In fact, that is the day you must leave, but make your arrangements quickly after you reach Nice. You'll have no trouble in finding an unoccupied villa at Villefranche; it's so near the end of the season. Be sure its grounds run to the water and have a landing place."

"Why, certainly, it will suit me exactly. You say Von Bulow is at the Hotel des Anglais?" Excited rapture is in Lady Chartris' voice.

"Yes, from the German attache's conversation with me in Monte Carlo, I imagine that he expected you would be there."

"Oh, what an insinuation, dear Mr. Barnes." The widow's face is flushed, her eyes modestly drooping. Then she suddenly exclaims: "Ah, you are delayed in getting to London. You expect to marry dear Enid from the villa. Maud could be the maid of honor, couldn't she?"

Barnes starts horrified at the suggestion. "You will say nothing of our going to Nice to anyone—especially your child," he remarks, commandingly, tempering his words, however, by adding: "Maud is too young to keep a secret."

"Yes, childish tongues will babble," smiles the widow as Burton goes moodily away.

Mr. Barnes' features are still very solemn, as early in the afternoon, after another interview with Emory, he says to Enid, who is in consultation with him: "You think Marina is well enough to be conveyed in a carriage a mile or two?"

"Why, certainly, she is out of bed now. Don't fear for her courage as regards herself, Burton. It is my brother the dear girl is alarmed for."

"I knew that; I've seen her indomitable spirit too often," returns Barnes, "so please get Edwin here and I'll arrange what we're all to do, and then we'll set about doing it."

"Edwin never leaves the door of her chamber now," whispers Enid.

"Quite right, but we can from here keep our eyes on the passage, and I've got to talk to you both."

In about thirty seconds, the American is saying words to both his fiancee and her brother that make the girl's face extremely agitated, and Edwin's look like the day he gained the Victoria cross.

"This morning," remarks the American, under his breath, "I had hoped, with Enid's aid, to get you, Enid and Marina to England, where three or four London bulldog detectives and the fear of the British hangman would have probably kept Mrs. Anstruther safely from murderous pursuit until I had settled the affair. But now this devilish letter has given her such a shock that we dare not immediately subject her to the fatigue of the long railway journey to London."

As he shows it to them and they try to decipher it, Barnes hastily explains how he had purchased the mutilated letter from Maud Chartris with marrons glaces.

"And that awful child concealed it from us!" cries Enid. "Her mother should be told immediately."

"What, and have Lady Chartris rush tremblingly back to London when, without danger to herself, she can do us a grand turn in Nice."

"In Nice? How?" Enid asks, astonished.

"Tell you in a minute," replies her fiance; for Edwin, after puzzling over the torn letter, suddenly mutters: "I—I can't exactly understand this, Barnes."

"Neither do I. The fourth quarter probably contains the infernal portion that caused your bride's alarm for you, for her fears I know are not so much for herself, as for you. As it is, here's enough for us to be sure that it was given to Marina in the hope that after the ineffable despair and cruel mental torture of her bridal night, it would so smite her high-strung nerves that they would break down sufficiently to detain us here so a few Corsican thugs could come over and cut our throats. That's about the plain English of it. Now I, with your assistance, Edwin, am going first, to make Enid and Marina safe."

"How?" demands the English girl, whose face has grown pallid, though two hectic spots blaze upon her delicate cheeks and her blue eyes scintillate with the quiet courage of the blood that had come down to her from Hastings and Crecy and Agincourt.

"By Lady Chartris. She's going to take a secluded, water-washed villa at Villefranche in her own name. House rentals have to be reported to the municipal officials. With the name of Lady Chartris attached to it, no one will guess that we will occupy it!"

"But Prunella Chartris would fly from a vendetta as she would from the smallpox," says Edwin.

"Quicker!" cries Enid.

"Quite right, but Prunella Chartris shan't hear of a vendetta. We'll turn up at Villefranche, Edwin, in about four days, leave the ladies there, amply guarded, and then you and I, my jolly seadog, will turn our attention to our Corsican friends. We will be footloose, and can do the hunting and killing, if necessary, and settle the affair in some way definitely and forever." Barnes' manner is lighter than his heart.

"You'll find me with you," answers the English lieutenant, his eyes blazing as if he were on the bridge of his ship in action. "This is the second time, because she loved me, that my bride has been driven to despair. But—" here his tone becomes very anxious—"how do you think we can make our dear ones safe? How do you expect to get Enid and Marina from Marseilles unnoticed by the people that are already hunting us, to the villa near Nice?"

"What do wild animals do when they are hunted? Take to the water!" remarks Burton. "That leaves no trail. Do you think, Anstruther, that you can navigate a yacht?"

"Do you think that you can shoot a pistol straight?" growls the British naval officer.

"Very well. A yacht will be waiting for us, engaged by Emory. It wasn't difficult at this season of the year; a good many are going out of commission in these waters. There will be nothing but English seamen on board, not over many of them. She is a schooner, I believe; reasonably well found, reasonably fast, and with cabin accommodations for our limited party. We'll put the girls on board tonight. We're both armed and our party will not be noticed driving on the Prado, where everybody drives. In a little bay, as I have arranged it, off the Corniche road, near the Bains du Roucas Blanc, a boat will be waiting. There we'll put the ladies on board and sail away. Then who'll be able to tell where we go to?"

"With a quadrant and compass on board, why shouldn't I take you through the Bay of Biscay to London?" replies Anstruther.

"As a physician, I doubt if Marina could stand the tossing she might get in the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic. At this season the waters are generally quiet here," remarks Barnes.

"You think my bride is as ill as all that?" Edwin clasps his hands together with a gesture of affright.

"I think as a physician without practice," remarks Barnes, in professional tone, "that the French doctor is perfectly right when he says if your wife would avoid brain fever she requires absolute rest and mighty good nursing for the next few days. That's the reason I didn't suggest sending Enid on to London by the morning train, properly attended and guarded, of course."

"It's just as well you didn't make that suggestion," replies Miss Anstruther, decidedly. "I shouldn't have gone."

"Yes, I—I know you always like to be at the front of the scrimmage, Enid," remarks Barnes. "So just keep an eye out, Edwin, that no one intrudes upon your wife, and I'll finish up all the arrangements about the yacht with Emory."

Edwin rises, but at the door, which had been left open so that the gentlemen could keep their eye on the passage to Marina's room, he turns, and noting Barnes' longing eyes directed toward his sister, says with sailor bluntness: "Old man, you seem to think of everybody but yourself in this matter. Are you aware that this projected cruise won't permit you and Enid to be spliced in London in three days from now?"

"I had not forgotten that," replies Burton. "How could I?" His eyes still on his beautiful fiancee, who, notwithstanding her anxiety and trouble, looks lovely as a goddess and tempting as a nymph.

"Well," says the sailor, "we jack-tars have a custom of getting married before we start on a cruise. There are ministers in Marseilles as well as London." Then Edwin Anstruther walks off, closing the door behind him and leaving Mr. Barnes confronted with a young lady whose lilies have changed to roses and—the greatest temptation of his life.

The poor fellow thinks of the damnable document he has in his pocket, proclaiming death to the unfortunate woman who marries him; he remembers Mateo's horrible statements as to the fate of females marrying into a blood feud and forces the desire from his eyes.

His embarrassment is increased by the superb manner of his fiancee. Without a word she walks up to Barnes and unaffectedly tenders him her lips.

"Don't think me forward," she whispers, sweetly, "but if you think you can take better care of me as your wife—if you feel very much disappointed at the—the delay." Her words are faltered out bashfully yet succinctly. Only once he catches her eyes, they are melting with trust and devotion, as they seek the floor.

She is in his arms.

The accursed warning—threatening death to her he marries—rustles in his pocketbook as he crushes her to his breast. It stays the mad rush of his passion. He forces himself to calmness and whispers, his pale face, his lips contorted: "For God's sake, don't misunderstand me. I love you more dearly than ever, but until this affair is settled, it would be an infamy if I married you."

"Good heavens! You fear they are going to kill you?"

"No, if there is any killing to be done, I propose to do it." For an instant he is about to show her the infernal document. His hand is already on his breast pocket, when it stops, palsied. Barnes remembers the impulsive courage of his betrothed. "My Lord, if she saw this," he thinks, "Enid would insist on marrying me offhand. She'd think it her duty to stand as my wife in the front of the skirmish and defy them." He says slowly, almost brokenly: "You must trust me in this matter, dear one. Only never doubt my love."

"Oh, that would be too horrible," she falters, "Burton, that would break my heart. You know more about the affair than I. You are the best judge." Her lips are tendered to him again, but Barnes notes, with a sigh, their salute is colder, and that tears are very near the divine eyes of Enid Anstruther.

Away from him, she wrings her white hands, and in the solitude of her chamber, wails: "Oh, everything seems to be changed since yesterday." Then the natural pride of the maiden coming to her, she says haughtily to herself: "The next proposition as to the naming of the wedding shall come from you, Mr. Barnes of New York, and perhaps—oh, my heaven!"

This last distracting mental outcry is produced by the Chartris infant banging in upon her and ejaculating: "Holy Jones, you look more offish, Enid, than you did that La Belle Blackwood night at Monte Carlo." To this Maud adds, merrily: "Say, ma and I are going to Nice. I've read in the papers that Blacky's there at the Hotel de St. Petersburg."

(To be continued.)

WRIT AGAINST DURAND DENIED BY LEWIS

Court Holds Bombino, Being Resident of Murray, No Grounds Exist.

Gabriel Bombino was denied a writ of prohibition directed against Charles P. Durand by Judge Lewis Saturday in the third district court. Bombino filed an affidavit asking for a writ on the ground that Durand's court at Murray had no jurisdiction in his case. It was stated by Bombino that James Patala brought an action against him June 5, 1906, to recover $200 on an alleged debt. Judgment was granted by Durand in April, 1907. Bombino declared in his affidavit that he was not a resident of Salt Lake county, and that the debt was not contracted here. He also claimed that he had not been served properly by the court and that the record was not complete. Judge Lewis held that Patala was a resident of Murray and that he had a right to begin an action in the justice's court at Murray.—Inter-Mountain Republican June 24, 1907.

STONE FOR THE DENVER LIBRARY, DRAWN BY ENGINE MADE BY BEST MFG. CO., OF SAN LEANDRO, CAL., U. S. A.
J. H. Davis, Agt.

The Turkey Creek Stone company of Pueblo are now operating large traction engine in transportation of stone for Denver library building. The matter of transportation has been before them for some time. Some three months past this company had large eastern manufacturers inspect their road, and their experts pronounced it very difficult to operate traction engines on it. One of the largest eastern manufacturers shipped out largest road engine, with guarantee, and machine, after six trips, was a failure. The Best Manufacturing company of California voluntarily shipped one of their large road engines to the Turkey Creek Stone company and guaranteed to haul forty tons to load, at two and one-half-mile speed, a distance of eleven miles. The other make of engine hauled twenty-eight tons one trip, and was one day making trip. The Best Manufacturing company's engine brought in twenty-five tons first trip, and made run in three hours and thirty minutes. The engine is now hauling forty-five to fifty-two tons to load, and making round trip in twelve hours. The Turkey Creek Stone company have today bought the Best Manufacturing company engine and tendered check for same to J. H. Davis, agent.